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BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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Cambria Freeman.

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Jan. 25, 1888.—1yr

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It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. Sold by druggists everywhere.
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DISCOVERY.

When the world's first great westward voyager
Sailed out in faith to this new continent,
Whither he felt all his life-currents stir,
Though knowing not unto what place he went
One day, no land in sight, his graving keel
Reported shoals; the unconscious vessel slid
Across, nor heard the grinding sands reveal
The secret of the coast beyond them hid.
He drifted pass, though waft of leaf and bird
Floating and fluttering after, bade him stay;
Vague invitations everywhere he heard;
By hope's own dazzling glamor led astray,
He landed on an island's rim, nor guessed
How nearly he had won his larger quest.

Alas! the dumb, inscrutable human sea
That will not tell us of the shores we seek!
Its jealous waves, in moaning mockery,
But just returned from pressing a blue cheek
Against fresh roses blown for us, unseen,
In our own realm, that never will be ours,
Though through the starry dusk all night we lean
And, unaware, breathe balsam from the flowers,
And feel its soft mists wrapping us around,
And hear far, wave-tossed voices whispering
From some dim bourne beyond the horizon's bound—
Heart's kindred starving for the love we bring,
As we for theirs—an unreaped harvest-field;
Our treasure just within our reach—concealed!

And yet, Columbus, this New World is thine!
Thy claim was in thy forward-reaching soul,
An inner, prescient right; thou didst divine
Wonders that the veiled hemisphere should unroll
At last, from out the blue blank of the sea;
And whatsoever foot might tread this shore,
Clear was thy title of discovery,
Whose thought outsailed thy ships so long before.
That which we recognize and seek is ours;
Approaching unperceived, related souls
Stir irresistibly our noblest powers;
Us toward our own the tide of being rolls;
And shall it not be joy, the voyage done,
To know the continent and island one?
—Lucy Larcom, in Harper's Magazine.

THEIR WEDDING TOUR.

Jack and Katy's Somewhat Novel Experience.

Among the many German emigrants that from time to time landed at Indian Point, Matagorda Bay, on the coast of Texas, and proceeded inland for hundreds of miles to make a settlement on the extreme frontier of that perilous region, was a red-cheeked lass of seventeen, who, being an orphan, and without relatives in the old country, had ventured over to try her fortunes in the new. But though without kin, Gentle Katy, as she was familiarly termed, was not without friends, and the same vessel which brought her over had on board at least six sturdy young fellows who thought her more lovely than any other female they had ever seen.

Gentle Katy cast her lot with a newly-married couple, and with them went far northward, to settle in a beautiful spot on the green bank of the Llano. There, strange as it may seem, she saw and fell in love with as rough and ugly a specimen of civilization as could easily be found in a region where the men have always been more celebrated for their pluck than their beauty. Jack Hawksworth measured six feet and two inches; was rough in manner, blunt in speech, and had never been inside of a schoolhouse in his life; but he had a good heart, and the courage of a lion. On one of his hunting excursions he came across Katy, and the result was a mutual passion and a marriage.

"Now, then, my little beauty," said Jack, playfully tapping the bride's chin with his long, brown, bony fingers. "I've got the bird, ye see, and I wants the cage to put it in. I'm agwine to git the cage, and so jest you stay here quiet till I come back."

In her imperfect English, Gentle Katy managed to inquire how long he would be gone, and Jack assured her "it wouldn't be over a thousand years."

He finally took leave of her, in his rude way, and went about fifty miles to the eastward, where, partly for cash and partly on credit, he purchased a small shanty and land enough to live on comfortably, and then returned for the purpose of removing his bird to his cage.

But judge of his anguish on finding that Katy was lost to him, perhaps forever. The young couple with whom she had made her home in the wilderness were almost frenzied with fear and tribulation. They told him, with wringing hands and tearful eyes, that Katy had the day before gone over to a little prairie grove to gather some flowers, and that shortly after, hearing some wild screams and horrible yells, they had looked out just in time to see her borne off by a party of mounted Indians.

At this direful intelligence Jack Hawksworth sank down on the nearest seat, buried his face in his hands, and for a few minutes shook all over like a man with the ague. When he again looked up his hands and lips were working convulsively, his dark, bronzed features were white and ghastly, large beads of perspiration were standing all over his face, and his small, black eyes had a piercing, fiery, wicked expression. He staggered to his feet without saying a word, clutched his long rifle with a grip that seemed to sink his fingers into the cold metal, and then went straight to the spot where his unfortunate wife had been seen in the power of a savage foe. For half an hour he walked to and fro over the ground, minutely examining the footprints of the different horses and calculating their number; and then, falling upon the departing trail, he struck off at a long, steady, Indian lope and soon disappeared from sight of the excited couple who had come forth to watch him.

The trail led almost directly southward, and all the remainder of that day the old hunter pursued it at the same loping pace. When at length night fell upon him, and he could no longer see the hoof-prints he was following, he threw himself down upon the green bank of a running stream, ate a few mouthfuls from his wallet, took a long drink of the flowing water, stretched himself out on the ground, with one hand resting on his trusty rifle, and almost immediately went to sleep, though in that peculiar condition of mind and body, the result of long experience in scenes of danger, that the slightest unusual sound would be sure to wake him.

Six or seven hours was all the rest that Jack required; and the moon by that time being well up, and pouring down a silvery flood through a cloudless sky, he arose, took another drink, and resumed his course on the broad trail. This he followed at a slower pace till daylight once more made it clear before him, and then he hurried forward as on the day preceding.

The sun was perhaps two hours above the horizon when he reached the place where the Indians had encamped on the night following the capture of his wife. Here he spent some half an hour in examining the different foot-prints, and when, among others, he found those of his pretty bird, and saw where she had passed the night, his agitation and excitement became painful, and he several times groaned out as one enduring great bodily suffering

At length he set his teeth hard, with an unswerving determination drew his hands slowly over his face, and outwardly became more composed. Then he commenced a broad circuit around the camp, to find the departing trail. In doing this he discovered a point where three horses had filed off from the main body; and suspecting these had been detached and sent off with the fair captive in a homeward direction, he at once resolved to follow this trail instead of the other.

"Ef I'm wrong," he muttered, "good-bye to little Kate for the present; but ef I'm right, and it's in one human nater to do it, I'll hev her back ag'in, and the scalps of them as tuk her!"

With this he again set forward in the manner described, and, with only now and then a brief rest, continued the same hurried pace till near sunset, when he came upon the previous night's camp of the three Indians, showing that thus far he had gained upon his enemies. With the wildest anxiety of hope and fear, he now made an eager search for the footprints of his little wife; and when at length he found them, where she had dismounted and been secured to a tree, thus proving that her life had so far been spared and he had taken the proper course, such contending emotions of joy and rage took possession of him—joy at the discovery and rage against her foes—that for a time he was like one demented.

Since branching off from the main body, the three warriors had kept a straight course, a little north of west; but on the third day Jack Hawksworth reached a spot on an open plain, where they had made a halt, and from which, to his surprise, he now found the trail led directly south, toward a range of hills that could barely be discerned in the blue distance. Knowing that among these hills was a rare spring of medicinal waters, which the Indians not unfrequently visited, it occurred to him that the present party had gone thither, and might, perhaps, make a halt long enough for him to come up with them. The idea afforded him fresh hope, and raised his spirits materially as he started onward again.

When night again fell upon the scene, the hills were looming up in rugged lines before him, but still miles away. Knowing the exact location of the spring, and that it was so situated as to command a view of the broad plain in the direction of his approach, he resolved, weary as he was, to push on in the dark and gain a safe position among the hills before morning, even should he not succeed in surprising his enemies while resting in supposed security.

It was life or death to him, and he strained every nerve and muscle to the last tension, and succeeded in reaching the base of the hills in such an exhausted condition that he was obliged to throw himself down on the earth and rest for an hour to recover strength enough to go through with what was yet before him. He had two miles yet to go to reach the spring, and when at last he slowly dragged his aching frame in sight of it the late moon was already silvering the tops of the trees, and he knew that day was about breaking.

But now there came a thrill of joy to his heart that sent new life throughout his drooping frame; for now it was he who heard the whinny of a horse only a few rods distant, and felt assured that he had not made a fatal mistake in his calculations. Guided by the sound, and moving with the stealthy caution of a panther, he soon reached a grassy and beautiful plateau, where he saw the three animals he had so long followed picketed within half pistol shot of him. The horses showed some fear at his advance, and more than once snuffed and snorted so loud that he fairly trembled lest their masters should come to learn the cause. He reached them, however, without discovery, and in less than a minute had cut every throat. As they floundered, groaned, fell and kicked they made a noise that roused up the sleeping savages and brought them upon the ground in frightened haste; but for this the old hunter was prepared. Throwing himself down behind one of the animals, with his long rifle brought to bear upon the point from which the Indians were hurriedly approaching, he waited till he saw a moving shadow between himself and the background of the sky, and then taking as good aim at this as the circumstances would permit, he pulled the trigger. With the sharp report the savage dropped, and his companions close behind uttered yells of dismay and terror. But their yells were not as loud and terrible as those of the old hunter, as he sprang to his feet, knife in hand, and bounded toward them; and probably supposing themselves assailed by numbers, they turned with wild shrieks and fled, fast and far, down the steep hills, and escaped in the darkness.

Having thus gained a complete victory, in less time than it has taken us to record the facts, the old hunter now began to shout the name of his wife, and at the third call he received an answer that sent the blood bounding with the wildest rapture through every vein. In another minute he had reached the side of his darling wife, and cut the cords that bound her; and as she sprang into his rough but manly arms, and clung wildly around his neck, he became so overpowered with his emotions that he reeled to and fro, holding her in his embrace, and finally sunk down on the earth, and alternately wept, laughed and shouted like a madman.

It is not necessary for us to dwell upon their long, wearisome, perilous journey homeward. Suffice it to say that Jack Hawksworth put forth all his experience, sagacity and manly qualities and brought his pretty little wife safely back among her friends, to their great wonder and delight, he himself becoming quite a lion among her countrymen for his brave exploit.

"Ye see," Jack used to say, in winding up the narration of his adventures, "when a big nob gits spliced, as I've hearn tell, they has what they calls thar wedding tour; and so, to be in the fashion, me and Katy tuk ours amongst the Comanches, and I'm jest one old scalp the richer for't. Whoop!"—N. Y. Ledger.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

She Got the News and George Got His Breakfast Down-Town.

Husband (at breakfast table)—Who's it from?

Wife (reading letter)—Oh, George, it's a little girl!

Husband—Is it? I thought it was a letter.

Wife—And Annie is getting along splendidly— Oh, my! She weighed nine pounds and a half.

Husband—Nine and a half, eh! She weighed at least a hundred and forty when I saw her last, and she looked strong and healthy; doesn't seem possible that she—

Wife—What were you saying, George?

Husband—The tea; you've forgotten to pour the tea.

Wife (reading and groping around with one hand)—Oh, it's just too nice for any thing! Think of it; a dear, sweet little girl; a little blue-eyed girl—

Husband—The tea-pot is just a trifle to the right of your hand—there, now you have it.

Wife (laying down letter)—Well, you poor old fellow! You're not getting any breakfast. It's too bad—it's just splendid! I wonder who she looks like.

Husband—What's the matter with my own cup this morning.

Wife—Why, how stupid I am! There, now, I've got it right—how many lumps have I put in, George?

Husband—Four.

Wife—And you only want three. Won't it be too sweet, dear? They are going to call her Mildred, George. Mildred—Mildred—how do you like Mildred?

Husband—Never met the lady. The butter, please, dear.

Wife—I like it. I think it is an awfully pretty name. Edwin wanted to call her Lucy; but I think Mildred is ever so much prettier, don't you, George?

Husband—The butter, please, dear.

Wife—Oh, I just want to get hold of that Annie! Won't I hug her! But isn't it perfectly lovely?—that it's a little girl, I mean.

Husband—Much better than if it were a large girl, I think. The butter, please.

Wife—Butter? Why, haven't you had any butter all this time? Why didn't you ask for it, you goose? What could Mary have done with the butter knife? It isn't on the table, is it? Have you seen any thing of the butter knife, George?

Husband—Hold! Keep your hand steady where it is; now close your fingers, and you have it.

Wife—I'm the goose, I should think! But what do you think of it, George? Why, I can't believe that Annie really has a little girl. How happy she will be! and how I long to see the little thing; don't you, George?

Husband—I do, indeed. Will you have a chop?

Wife (absorbed in letter again)—Chop—chop—ch—ye-es, if you please, George. I don't care if you do give—please; thanks. Seems to me it it was my own I couldn't feel any happier than I do; could you, George?

George—I hardly think I could; but I'd try. Will you pass me the cream, please, dear?

Wife (handing him the vinegar)—I'm just going to sit right down and write Annie a letter—why, George, where are you going?

Husband—To the office. I shall be a little late, too, I'm afraid.

Wife—You poor old husband! You haven't had half a breakfast, and it's all my fault. I declare it's too bad! I'm awfully sorry, George; but you'll forgive me this once, won't you, dear? It is such happy news. Oh, that dear little girl! —Good-bye! George—come home early, won't you?—Puck

A Sympathetic Employer.

Old Gent—And so that is your employer going to the funeral of one of his clerks?

Young Clerk—Not a clerk, but a distant relative of one of the clerks.

"My! my! I'm sure that is very thoughtful."

"Yes, 'most too thoughtful. Whenever one of us loses a relative and tells him about it he always goes to the funeral, consarn him!"

"Eh? And do you object to such kindness of heart?"

"'Tisn't kindness of heart, sir. He goes to make sure that the funeral isn't an excuse for a day off."—N. Y. Weekly.

—More plays of Shakespeare's have been turned into operas than those of any other dramatist. They number ten in all.

HOW MANY? HOW LITTLE?

How many dear hearts are breaking,
Though a smile is bravely worn;
How often we find the weakest
Are the bravest to meet the storm;
How often we are discouraged
O'er clouds that need not last,
While the gems of the present are hidden
By failures and griefs of the past.

How often dear hearts are hungering
For words that never are told;
How little we prize our darlings
Till their baby lips are cold;
How often we let the moments
Unladen with good pass by,
And put off the spring-time sowing
Till the harvest-time draws nigh.
—Bertha Packard Englet, in Good Housekeeping.

A MARTYR TO HONESTY.

Mr. Upandownjohn, Who, Like Washington, Could Not Lie.

Mr. John Upandownjohn had the misfortune to be a strictly honest man, in which particular he stood lamentably alone. He was constructed peculiarly—he was born into an atmospere of integrity, and his training had added to his natural bent to a degree that made him as incapable of an untruth, or the semblance thereof, as George Washington himself. Having this tendency, it was well for himself that he was born with a fortune, for his rigid adherence to his principles unfitted him for almost every occupation. He did try journalism, but was dismissed ignominiously for saying of a candidate of the party with which the paper acted that he was a thief and trickster. Then he essayed the law, but he saw enough of law before he had been in an office two weeks, while medicine lasted him scarcely a week. So he determined to do nothing but live on his income and be an honest man.

He adopted certain rules by which he lived, and he could no more depart from them than he could rise from the earth and take a place among the stars. He ate exactly so much, at certain fixed hours, and of certain kinds of food. He drank so many times a day, of certain liquors he fancied were good for him, measuring the quantity with the accuracy and precision of an apothecary; and so far did he carry rule into life, that he put on and off his clothing on certain days in certain months, without reference to weather. I saw him shivering one bright but very cold morning in June, and demanded the reason.

"I laid off my woolens this morning," said he.

"Why lay off your woolens in winter weather?" I asked.

"The 1st of June is my day therefor," said he. "The weather ought to be warm to-day. I can not break my rule."

He never neglected to pay a debt, and never told a lie, not even a white one. He was cut out of an aunt's will by responding to her anxious inquiry as to how she looked in a certain dress which she had set her heart on by the simple word "hideous." And the same devotion to truth barred him, no matter what path he took.

He was frightfully unpopular, though, notwithstanding he held a high position among his fellows. His child-like simplicity and sterling integrity made him valumble, and besides every one knew that his devotion to truth was honest, and had nothing of bumptiousness or malice in it.

Mr. Upandownjohn was a member of the Leviathan Club. I write the word *was* sadly, for he is a Leviathan no more. The cause and manner of his leaving that delightful association of good men is the animus of this paper.

The members of the Leviathan were pleased with the appearance of Mr. Upandownjohn, and made much of him. Had they known him better they would have loved him less, for his peculiar virtue was never popular in that club.

He excited attention, first, by his habit of correcting loose-talking members when their statements were highly flavored with romances, as, for instance, when one gentleman asserted that his father owned Flora Temple when she was a colt, using her as a common hack, and selling her finally for fifty dollars. Mr. Upandownjohn quietly put him down.

"I knew your father," he said, "and a worthy, truthful man he was. He died just three years before Flora Temple was foaled. The mare he used for a hack and sold for fifty dollars must have been some other famous animal. Flora Temple will some day be the death of me. Every racing season some one narrated the circumstance of his father having owned Flora Temple and worked her as a hack, and what is more exasperating, he always sold her for fifty dollars. Would that I could find one man whose father sold her for sixty dollars or sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. You, my dear sir, are the sixty-eighth man this season whose father once owned Flora Temple. She was the most extensively owned mare I ever knew any thing about."

On another occasion a gentleman detailed with great minuteness how, in doing the regular thing at Niagara by going under the sheet, the wind parted the torrent and he stopped out upon the shelf outside, when, to his horror, the opening closed, leaving him outside the falling sheet on a narrow ledge of rock. With great presence of mind he darted through the falling sheet and rejoined the frightened party, who supposed him lost forever.

Mr. Upandownjohn took pencil and paper, and worked all night and the next day, without sleeping or eating. The next evening he exhibited to the hero of this marvelous adventure the weight of the water in that sheet, and demonstrated to him the fact that had he got under it, he would have been mashed, though he had been constructed of steel.

"Are you sure it was Niagara?" he asked, anxiously. "Wasn't it some other fall?"

One day a member died, and the club did the usual thing by him. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the bereavement of the members, and, as ill-luck would have it, Upandownjohn was put upon the committee.

They met, and, as is usually the case, two of the members really had no time to attend to it. One had an engagement at the theater, the other was to take his sister—or some one else's—to the opera.

"Upandownjohn," said the first, "you have nothing to do, and are handy with the pen. There is no earthly necessity for keeping us here. You just write out the usual resolutions, and send them down to the Screamer, the Soarer and the Spouter in time for to-morrow morning."

"How shall I treat the deceased?" asked Upandownjohn.

"O, in the usual way. Speak of his qualities as a man, the feelings of the club at his untimely taking-off, the sources of consolation we have, his qualities as an actor; hurl in something to alleviate the pangs of his family; speak of his general standing, and put in a strong dose of general comfort, and so on. It'll be all right. You'll attend to it now, won't you?"

"It is a disagreeable duty," replied Upandownjohn, "but I'll do it."

And they left him to his work.

Now, Mr Upandownjohn had had no experience in work of this kind, and, consequently, he wasn't clear as to its form. So he sent for the scrap-book, in which such utterances of the club had been pasted from the beginning. He was shocked. There were a great many sets of resolutions on deceased members (the liquors were bad at the Leviathan) and they were precisely alike. They ran as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the ruler of the universe, to remove from our midst our esteemed brother, John James So-and-So, and,

WHEREAS, It is fit that we, his afflicted survivors of the Leviathan club, should publicly express our sore grief at this great bereavement; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of John James So-and-So, the Club has lost a worthy member, society an ornament, his family an affectionate father and husband, the State a pillar and defender and the world at large one it could ill spare.

Resolved, That while we mourn with sorrow that seems to have no alleviation under the great affliction that has fallen upon us, we can not but bow in humility to this inscrutable decree.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That the club-house be draped in mourning for thirty days in memory of the deceased.

As he finished, Mr. Upandownjohn brought his fist down upon the table till the glasses jingled.

"What stuff this is!" he said, indignantly. "I knew So-and-So. He was a dishonest and untruthful man—a tyrant in his family, a trader in politics, a disagreeable man in society, and a curse to humanity generally. And they mourn him, do they? And I suppose they want me to mourn Ranter, who is to be embalmed to-night. Ha! Ha! I will astonish these people. I will write one set of honest resolutions. I knew Ranter, who has just gone hence, and justice shall be done him, sure. I will be as mild as I can be, and do him justice, but I will be honest with his memory."

So Mr. Upandownjohn called for fresh pens and ink and paper, and wrote; and having made fair copies of what he wrote, took them himself to the office of the Screamer, the Spouter and the Soarer, and went home and slept as only he can sleep who rejoices over a duty done and well done.

The next morning the members of the Leviathan were astonished at reading in the journals the following:

WHEREAS, By a long course of most outrageous dissipation, of late nights, of late suppers of the grossest food, of perpetual beverages of the most villainous kind—those that give the stomach no show whatever—by unchecked and unregulated indulgence in the worst possible sensuality, in brief, by a long-continued series of the vilest outrages upon the physical, mental and moral man, our late member, Arthur Simpson Ranter, has been taken to that bourne from which we earnestly hope he may never return, and

WHEREAS, When a member of the Leviathan Club expires, it is customary to commemorate him, to give him a send-off, as it were; therefore be it

Resolved, That when we remember the villainous habit he had of revoking at whist, and also his adroit way of sliding out of paying the score whenever he lost the rubber, our grief at his departure is severely mitigated, if not entirely subdued.

Resolved, That the promptness of our late associate in accepting invitations to slake his thirst, and his intolerable tardiness in reciprocating, did more honor to his head than to his heart.

Resolved, That his habitual untruthfulness, his utter disregard for his word, and his blustering and overbearing manner, were the best points in him, as they served as a warning to the younger members of the club. For this his demise is to be lamented.

Resolved, That his habit of getting boozy before eleven a. m., and staying in that condition as long as there was a good-natured man in the club, gives us, his survivors, good reason to pause and ask no more than ceneu drum "Why was death introduced into the world?"

Resolved, That when we remember the success with which our late brother borrowed money, and his utter forgetfulness of such transactions, our hearts are softened toward Adam and Eve (through whose sin death was made a part of the economy of nature), and we publicly thank that lady and gentleman for their investigating turn of mind, and hurl back indignantly the charge that they did not do the best thing possible for posterity.

Resolved, That in the death of our late brother, who was vile as an actor as he was bad as a man, the long-suffering, theater-going public have a boon, the sweetness of which can not be over-stated, and upon which we extend them hearty congratulations.

Resolved, That we congratulate Mrs. Ranter upon the fact that her private fortune was settled upon herself, and so skillfully tied up that her late husband, our deceased brother, could not get a cent off it. And we do this remembering how often we have mourned it was so, for the reason that, could he have touched it, he would have drunk himself into an untimely tomb several years sooner than he did. Death, with us, buries all animosity and does away with all acrimony.

Resolved, That the club house be illuminated the night of the funeral, and be draped in white for thirty days in honor of this happy event.

Resolved, That this truthful tribute to the memory of our deceased brother be published in the Screamer, the Spouter and the Soarer.

To say there was an uproar in the club the next morning, as these resolutions were read, would be to convey a very faint idea of the case. In the midst of it, when it was at its height, entered Upandownjohn, cleanly shaved, and as serene as a June morning.

"Did you write and publish this miserable mess—this ghastly concoction of infernalism?" demanded a score of indignant men.

"Did I write those resolutions, you mean? I did. I was appointed a committee to embalm the memory of the late Ranter in the daily papers. I did it. Do you find any thing objectionable in them?"

"Why, you assert that he was a sponge!" exclaimed one.

"Unhappily it is the truth. I have myself paid for gallons of liquor for him."

"You said he was a bad actor."

"The worst I ever suffered under."

"What will his wife think of what you said of him?"

"She will recognize the portrait, and with us thank Heaven for her release."

"You give it as the sense of the club that he was—"

"Every thing that was bad, mean and disreputable. Very good. It is true, every word of it. He owes me thirty-seven dollars, sixty-three cents and a third, which he has owed (it was borrowed) since July 9, 1871, at twenty-seven minutes past ten o'clock in the evening. And every man of you is also his creditor. If there is a mean thing that he has not done it has escaped my notice."

By this time Mr. Upandownjohn saw that his fellow-members were angry, and he at once lost his balance and became angry, too.

Brandishing his umbrella (it was not raining, but, as it was the time of the month when it should have rained, he carried it) he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you have had one set of resolutions written which contained nothing but the truth, not the whole truth, for my time was limited, and it was impossible to get in all that I could have said, and besides I desired to be as lenient as possible. Having written nothing but the truth, you are offended. It is well. I will have nothing whatever to do with a club where the truth can not be told. Truth, if not the immediate jewel of my soul, is very close to it. Gentlemen, adieu. You have seen the last of John Upandownjohn. Should I stay, I might be called upon to resolve over some of your remains, and as I can not tell a lie, it would be unpleasant."

And that afternoon the directory received his resignation, and he was seen there no more.

There is no moral to this. There are very few men in the world of whom it would be pleasant, as the world now goes, to tell the truth. Therefore, all who read these lines live, as does he who writes them, so that when Azrael waves his dark pinions over them, they may lie down and die, feeling certain that the committee on resolutions, though they may be as truthful as Upandownjohn, will say nothing that will call a spirit blush to their cheeks in the hereafter.—The Late D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.

THE GIANT MADRONA.

Something About the Gorgeous Arbutus Tree of California.

The genus really belongs to the Old World. Asia has its species, and Mexico claims one or two representatives, but the pride of the family and delight of arboriculturists is the strong, healthy and handsome child of the west coast. It is often eighty to one hundred feet high, three feet in diameter, and a famous specimen in Marin County has a measured girth of twenty-three feet at the branching point of the tremendous stem, with many of the branches three feet through. The foliage is light and airy, the leaves oblong, pale beneath, bright green above. The bloom is in dense racemes of cream-white flowers; the fruit, a dry orange-colored berry, rough and uninteresting. But the charm of the madrona, outside of its general appearance, is in its bark—no, it is not a bark, it is a skin, delicate in texture, smooth, and as soft to the touch as the shoulders of an infant. In the strong sunlight of the summer these trees glisten with the rich color of polished cinnamon, and in the moist shadow of the spring-time they are velvety in combination colors of old

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - DEC. 13, 1889.

THE English postoffice does all the express business in Great Britain, carries parcels at an average cost of eleven cents each, and makes a profit of $2,250,000 a year.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Southern Confederacy during its brief period of existence, died at the home of J. U. Payne, a life-long friend of the Confederate leader, at New Orleans, on last Friday morning.

THE New York *Herald* has received correspondence from various parts of the country concerning ballot reform. The *Herald* says: "It now looks as though the Australian system will be adopted by all the States in a few years," and here's hoping that it will.

THE American nation uses more soap per capita than any other on the globe. Where the English uses four pounds per head we use five and a half. No other nation uses over three pounds to our five. Italy uses least of all, and Russia beats her only by a few ounces.

A WASHINGTON city dispatch on Tuesday says: It is stated here to-day that Congressman Randall's condition is much more serious than is generally supposed. Persons very near him frankly admit that he is very dangerously ill, and it is feared that he may never occupy his seat in the House again.

PROFESSOR HIGBEE, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was stricken with paralysis while standing on the platform at Mifflin station, waiting to take a train on Tuesday. It is supposed that his illness will prove fatal. If it should which seems probable, 11 persons connected with the State Departments will have died in three years.

MR. REED, of Nashville, said in New York a few days ago: "Iron made in Birmingham, Ala., can be laid down in Glasgow and sold at a profit at a less price than is now being paid there for English or Scotch Iron. It isn't everybody that knows how cheaply iron can be made in Alabama. It hugs $8 a ton pretty close. It is between $8 and $8 50. Iron is selling in Glasgow now at $21 50. There is the margin for transportation and profit, I am sure."

THE County Commissioners and their engineer have completed a new bridge at South Fork. We understand that they are about commencing the erection of a bridge at Mineral Point. Of course, there was no letting for the building of either of these bridges, as a letting has a tendency to bring down prices and gives the people a chance to know what bridges should cost. There will likely be a letting, however, when it comes to select a new board of Commissioners.

WHILE the lawyers and experts of New York are endeavoring to discover whether or not a criminal can be killed surely and satisfactorily by electricity, several men have been accidently killed by coming in contact with electric wires. The latest victim was Peter Clausen, a lineman of the New York Electric Light Company. He met his death last Monday at the top of a pole at Third Avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-six street, New York City, while repairing the wires.

THERE is an emidemic of influenza in Russia and other parts of the continent causing a widespread fear in England that the disease will extend throughout the United Kingdom. In many parts of the continent business is almost wholly suspended, owing to the prevalence of the disease. The plague is spreading all over Germany and at Spanday 100 workmen in a single factory are affected. It has appeared in violent form at Lemburg and Cracow. Four hundred employes of the Louvre in Paris are ill with fever that closely resembles the influenza.

BOTH North and South Dakota are having a hard struggle with poverty in their first days of Statehood. Great as have been reported the agricultural resources of these new States, at least 20,000 people are now destitute of food, and without means to buy any. At least three counties of South Dakota did not grow enough wheat for their own use, on account of frost. The failure was still worse in North Dakota. These regions will come out all right in time, but their pioneers are sufferins, as did the early pioneers in older sections, and actually need help to-day.

SENATOR DELAMATER, says the Pittsburg *Post*, has been turned loose as the gubernatorial candidate with the Quay brand and indorsement. The Beaver boss has also told Hastings to go in and win if he can, and if he turns up at Harrisburg next June with enough delegates he (Quay) will see him through. This is all very good enough in its way, but at the same time Quay proposes to see that Hastings doesn't have enough. The fight for the control of the convention will be in Philadelphia, and the contest against Quay's slate will be led in that city by James McManes. That's quite settled, and what Quay wants to do is to prevent a combination of McManes's friends and the friends of Mayor Fitler. That would be dangerous. If the anti-Quay people should carry Philadelphia, Lancaster and Allegheny, Delamater's chances of the nomination would be slim, indeed. Neither Hastings nor Montooth would stand much show. Is there a possibility a situation is to be created that will call for the nomination of Quay, to relieve the pressure and restore harmony?

OMAHA elected a Democratic Mayor on Tuesday last, by a 1,200 majority. The leaven is working.

ON Tuesday night Johnstown was visited with another horror which caused the death of eleven people and and about thirty more were badly injured, some of whom will probably die. Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe, that played in this place on Monday night went to Johnstown on Tuesday morning and played to a crowded house in Parke's Opera House on Tuesday night. Between five and six hundred people were in the building and the performance was nearly over, when some one in the upper gallery started an alarm of fire. The audiance, composed of men, women and children at once became panic stricken and a rush was made for the door, which is reached by a narrow stairway and which was soon packed solid with a struggling mass of human beings. Some fell, others were crushed down by people scrambling over them eager to get out, while people from the outside were trying to get in to see what was the matter. The screams of those who were being crushed to death were heartrending and their piteous cries for help were unavailing. After the excitement had subsided and through the efforts of some of the cooler-headed people the fears of the audience calmed, the work of extricating the unfortunate people from the stairway began, and the scene was apalling. Eleven dead were taken from the mass while the injured, is estimated at from fifty to one hundred. The list of dead is as follows:

John Miller, colored, Chambersburg, Pa.

George Slonicker, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

Lizzie Claycomb, aged 19, from Bedford county.

Mrs. Wesley Burns, 40 years, Johnstown.

Clara Burns, 19 years, daughter of Mrs. Wesley Burns.

Isaac Fohler, 60 years, Conemaugh borough.

George Horner, aged 11 years, Johnstown.

Mrs. John W. Nestor, Johnstown.

Eddie Bigler, aged 8, son of John Bigler, Conemaugh borough.

George Frischhorn.

The injured as far as known are as follows:

Albert Owens, Lottie Jackson, Lewis Bundy, John Weimer, Charles Vaugn, Steward Blackburn, Richard Worthington, Edward Stauffer, Wesley Burns, Mrs. Clauson, Mrs. M. S. McGarry, Clarence Engelberth, John Weimer, Martha Owens, John Devine, Mrs. William Platt.

The Johnstown *Tribune*, of Wednesday, gives the following explanation of the origin of the fire alarm: "It seems, from the statement of Charles Johnson, Dr. A. N. Wakefield's colored man, that John Best was the first man to cry "fire!" Johnson says that between 10 and 12 o'clock he heard somebody in the alley alongside the Doctor's residence calling "fire!" Looking out of the window he saw Best and heard him give the alarm. Best said the Doctor's frame kitchen in the rear of the house was on fire. Johnson made an examination and found that the only foundation for the alarm was the volume of smoke issuing from the chimney, which, owing to the fact that he had put some slack coal in the fire, was greater than usual. Best's cries of fire started the bells to ringing, which, being heard in the Opera House, prompted some one in the upper gallery—as before stated—to utter the cry which caused the panic.

IF Governor Beaver, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, has been correctly reported in a Washington dispatch to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, he doesn't want General Hastings to receive the Republican nomination for Governor any more than he wants himself to be transformed into some hideous monster. He quoted as saying:

"I was very much surprised at the developments of the past few days in regard to the position of General Hastings My understanding with him was that he did not propose to antagonize any plans which the dominant leaders in the State might have with respect to the selection of a nominee for the head of the Republican ticket next year. In that conversation, General Hastings said to me that he only intended to secure a few delegates here and there throughout the State in order to put himself in line as a candidate in event of the nomination of Senator Delamater not being carried out. He then thought that he would come forward as his political residuary legatee. His movements of late, and what we hear of his alliance with persons who are regarded as a disturbing element in the Republican party of the State, show that he has gone behind his original purpose, and has entered the contest as a full fledged candidate." The Governor added: "I was very much surprised at General Hastings joining the Tariff club, at Pittsburg, as that, under the circumstances, at once established his position.

This is very plain talk on the part of the Governor and it is strange if it doesn't cause a breach between him and the Ajutant General. It was to have been expected that the fight for the gubernatorial plum would become quite warm but it looks very much as if it were going to be a red hot affair.

MRS. SCOTT Lord, sister of the wife of President Harrison, died at her residence in Washington city at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning. Although not unexpected her death was sudden, and at the time only her daughters, Mrs. Dimmock and her son-in-law, Lieutenant John F. Parker of the navy were with her.

Mrs. Harrison was with Mrs. Lord until midnight, in company with her father, Dr. Scott, and only half an hour before she expired Major and Mrs. Richard Parker had been sitting up with Mrs. Lord, and when they left she was in an apparently painless sleep. It has been known for several days that she could not recover.

CASHIER SILCOTT, a trusted employee of Sergeant-at-Arms Leedom of the House of Repre-entatives at Washington, took his departure for Canada last week and a few hours after it was discovered that $72,000 belonging to the National House of Representatives was also missing. A number of Congressmen are loosers by Cashier Silcotts shortages. He had been cashier for six years past and handled $5,000,000 annually.

The Great Cuspidor Contract.

Let not the future historian of Benjamin Harrison's Administration omit to note the patriotic earnestness with which the Postmaster-General is cooperating with his coleagues, the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War, in their endeavor to build up a system of national defence.

Secretary Tracy is bent on giving us ships of war, and first-class ships too.

Secretary Proctor is devoting a good part of his energy and practical business sense to the question of improved steel guns for our coast batteries. The employment of more terrible explosives than gunpowder is also occupying the attention of the Secretary of War.

Wanamaker is a man of peace, and his only weapon in the past has been the yard stick; yet he too, is alert on the subject of national defence. His unrivalled apprehension of the importance of details, and his unerring sagacity for discovering the exact point at which the stock on hand needs replenishing, are exhibited in the subjoined contract with his colleague, Secretary Proctor, officially recorded in the *United States Government Advertiser* of Oct. 24:

"ORDINANCE SUPPLY CONTRACT No. 1,782—cuspidors, brass, $6. each, Bidder 89, JOHN WANAMAKER."

No one can doubt that Wanamaker's thirteen brass cuspidors are as trustworthy pieces of ordnance, as ornamental as efficient at long range, as patriotism can suggest or thrift provide; and they are supplied to the Government which Wanamaker loves and serves at a price that knocks competition silly.

The thirteen cuspidors strengthen our coast lines where they were weak. We need fear no foreign foe. We can defy the world:

"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo! if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the guns, we've got the cuspidors, too."

marked down by the Postmaster-General of the United States and sold to the War Department at forty cents the cuspidor.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Taking the Census.

The machinery for taking the census is comparatively simple. The Superintendent has divided the whole country into 175 districts. There are ten of these districts in Pennsylvania. For each district a Supervisor will be appointed in January. The duties of a Supervisor are many and varied. He subdivides his district into enumerators' divisions, He recommends lists of persons for appointment as enumerators; He scrutinizes their work and furnishes them their schedules, and forwards the completed returns to Superintendent Porter. An enumerator, as a rule, comes into contact with only about one in seven of the population. He carries with him schedules of population of agriculture, manufactures, of morality and vital statistics, and schedules relating to deaf, blind and insane, as well as of criminals. At the close of every day of labor he must, as has been stated, report by postal card to his Supervisor and to Superintendent Porter. The census will be taken in June. The enumerator must perform his work in fifteen days in the city and thirty days in the country. Every citizen is obliged to answer his questions, or suffer a fine of $100. Next year several million family schedules will be distributed in advance of the enumerator's visits and at many houses they will find these blanks already filled out, thus greatly facilitating the work. In special cases, where money is needed for horse hire and other expenses, an enumerator may be paid by the day, not to exceed $6. The great body of enumerators will be paid: For every living person, two cents; for every death, two cents; for every firm fifteen cents; for every factory, twenty cents; for each veteran or veteran's widow, five cents.

On With The Dance.

The contest for the Republican nomination for Governor may be said to be fairly started, and from now until the day of the convention it will gradually grow warmer. The leading candidates, Delamater and Hastings, have announced themselves as being in the fight to win and each is gathering his followers about him.

It is plain that the party machine is at work in the interest of the ambitious Senator from Crawford, and the fact of the matter is it was put together by Delamater's friends when his candidacy was in an embryotic State.

General Hastings will virtually have the support of the soldier element and anti-Quayites will naturally drift to his side when Quay boldly shows his fine Roman hand, as there is no doubt he will do at the proper time.

As to Major Montooth, General Gobin, General Reeder, Colonel Cooper and the various other military aspirants for Beaver's chair, this seems to be an off year for them. An off-the-ticket year, so to speak.—*Harrisburg. Patriot.*

Gettingto the Tail End.

The National Farmers' Alliance, sitting in St. Louis, has adopted resolutions endorsing the Australian system of voting.

The Portland *Advertiser* Tuesday published letters from the Mayors of cities in Maine, county attorneys and prominent Republicans, on the subject of Ballot Reform. All except four replies favor the adoption of the Australian system. The *Advertiser* says, editorially: "Now that this system has operated successfully in Massachusetts, there can no longer be any doubt that the next Legislature in Maine will pass a similar law without serious opposition."

Pennsylvania still holds back and is fast gravitating toward the tail end of the procession. But it all depends on the people. If they want the privilege of voting as their conscience dictates they will have to elect representatives to Harrisburg who will put the Australian system through.—*Phila. Herald*

Pretty Fast in the Mire.

The nine months of Mr Harrison's Administration have confirmed the opinion that there are few great men left in the Republican party. With all its leaders gone, and no new ones in sight, the period of its decadence appears to be at hand. With none to guide it, it will, if let alone, accomplish its own destruction. Under the leadership of Mr. Harrison it is pretty fast in the mire. Already suffering from a dead weight, it received a tremendous blow at the late State elections, and unless some life is speedily breathed into the inert mass a renomination will hardly be worth Mr. Harreson's trouble.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our cittizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. For sale at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

GEN. CUTCHEON, of Michigan, will introduce a bill into Congress calling for a census of those persons who served in the civil war. Superintendent of the Census Porter favors the plan.

Beaver's Chance to Explain.

There is much interest in the report that Governor Beaver is shortly to reduce his view of the Johnstown relief business to cold type. The way in which the Governor looked at that matter is likely to contain a number of interesting and novel features; and the public will await with wild expectation the appearance of the Executive document foreshadowed in our Washington dispatch.

As to the relative positions of the Governor and his Adjutant General, they are by no means the most important aspects on which the Governor can throw light. Whether Hastings tried to make capital by his presence at Johnstown, or whether Beaver tried to redeem the capital that he had lost, by rushing up to Williamsport and representing that he had rescued a stricken city from starvation there, we can afford to leave to be fought out between these gentlemen.

But there are some points on which the Governor can, if he will, afford a good deal of explanation. Thus he may state the view by which he was led to advocate taking money from the State Treasury in an unconstitutional and unauthorized manner rather than adopt the constiintional method of calling a special session of the Legislature to meet an unparalleled emergency. Having done that, he may next ventilate an interesting subject by showing how he came to represent that he had $1,000,000 available for the State Work at Johnstown, while subsequent events showed the sum to be but $300,000.

These points made clear, the Governor will have accomplished a task big enough to warrant his adjourning the job of making mincemeat of General Hastings to a future day. Some things are difficult to explain; but until the Governor has smoothed out these little points, he had better abstain from other controversial literature.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Mathematical Prodigy.

Sam Summers, the negro prodigy, was in Shelbyville, and, as usual, entertained a large crowd, who were testing him with all kinds of mathematical problems. Summers is a negro, thirty-four years old, without the slightest education. He cannot read or write, and does not know one figure from another. He is a common, every-day farm hand, and to look at him and watch his actions he seems to be about half witted, but his quick and invariably correct answer to any example in arithmetic, no matter how difficult, is simply wonderful. With the hundreds of tests that he has submitted to, not a single time has he failed to give the correct answer in every instance.

Some examples given him on Wednesday were: How much gold can be bought for $792 in greenbacks if gold is worth $1 65? Multiply 597,311 by 13½. If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these be sown the second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced at this rate in 12 years if 1000 grains make a pint? If the velocity of sound is 1142 feet per second, the pulsation of the heart 70 per minute, after seeing a flash of lightning there are 20 pulsations counted before you hear it thunder, what distance is the cloud from the earth, and what is the time after seeing the flash of lightning until you hear the thunder? A commission merchant received 70 bags of wheat, each containing three bushels, three pecks and three quarts; how many bushels did he receive? And so on.

With Robinson's, Ray's and other higher arithmetics before them, those who have tested him as yet have been unable to find any example that with a few moments thought on his part he is not able to correctly answer.—*Louisville Commercial.*

No End to Extravagant Expenditure.

Secretary Windom's report shows that as fast as we reduce the interest charge on our national debt we proportionately increase the payments for pensions. Thus Government expenditure is kept up to the war point twenty-five years after the end of the war; and the suggestion that taxes should be reduced is denounced as an unpatriotic assault upon the industries of the country.

So excessive is the drain of taxation that the ingenuity of statesmen has been constantly taxed during the last quarter of a century to spend the money in the Treasury as fast as it should accumulate. The salaries of nearly every official in the Government service have been largely increased; vast sums have been expended in the erection of costly custom-houses, post offices and other public buildings in all parts of the country; an equal profusion has been lavished upon internal improvements; and what could not otherwise be disposed of has been devoted to the most extravagant system of pensions ever devised in any country under any form of government since the world began.

The recommendations in the message of President Harrison in favor of enlarged expenditure for pensions, coast defenses, national education, steamship subsidies, and for other purposes, prove that the hope for any relief of the public burdens at the hands of a Republican Administration is hopeless. The President has no positive plan of cutting down the revenue: and if his schemes of expenditure should be approved by Congress curtailment would be impossible. There seems to be no hope of a return to frugal and economical public Administration until the Republican party shall have been again hurled from power.—*Phila. Record.*

THE Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the House of Representatives is a native of Philadelphia and was born in 1822. He lost the sight of one eye when quite young, and the other soon became practically useless. He mastered the blind alphabet, and at the age of 20 was ordained a minister. After that he had traveled over 200,000 miles, filling appointments to preach in all the Southern States. Within the last 30 years he has preached in nearly every State in the Union and in some European countries. He has been Chaplain of the House since 1883 and can, in all probability, hold the place indefinitely.

MR. MCFARLIN, the great New England iron manufacturer, takes up the cry for free iron ore, coal and coke as the only salvation for the imperiled iron industries of the East. He is backed in his demand by the nearly unanimous sentiment of the iron-workers in his section. They also demand lighter duties on scrap metal. It will require fanatical faith in the virtue of taxation as the main spring of industrial enterprise to keep the New England delegation in Congress solid for taxed wool, ore coal, coke and lumber. Their idle forges and factories plead with dumb eloquence for relief.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at the drug store of E. James Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Robert Bonner has on his farm, at Tarrytown, and in his city stables, in New York, nearly sixty of the notable turf performers of their day, and for which he has paid nearly $500,000.

—Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column. nov29 4t.

—Westmoreland county is overrun with tramps. On Tuesday several children going to school at Greensburg were assaulted and their dinner baskets taken away. Numerous other outrages are reported from other towns.

—The largest infant ever born in Connecticut was that of Mrs. Lewis Duke, of Meriden, which weighed 25 dounds at birth. It was born about a week ago and lived only a few moments. Physicians say it was a phenominal babe.

—Florida will soon be the greatest lemon growing country in the world. Lemons weighing a pound each are common in Florida, and along the banks of Caloosahatchie there is a single tree which bears 5,000 lemons, many of which weigh a pound each.

—A young man named James Donohue, about 18 years old, was shot and instantly killed Monday evening by William Boathe. The murder was committed in the back room of a building adjoining a saloon. Boathe was arrested at his home shortly after the shooting.

—A South Carolina man who was curious to know just how much stuff an alligator could get away with when he felt well, fed out a hind quarter of a cow, seven chickens, a sheep, four geese and a hog's head before the reptile backed water. The cow and sheep and poultry had died of poison, but this didn't trouble the 'gater any.

—While John Patterson was standing at the Delaware Bank counter on last Saturday morning, clipping coupons from bonds which he kept on deposit there, an unknown man seized Mr. Patterson's deposit box, containing some thirty thousand dollars in securities, and ran out and away. The police are trying to find the thief.

—A number of boys, ranging in age from twelve to fourteen years, stole several bottles of whisky from a saloon on Wabash avenue, Chicago, last night. They drank freely, and one of them, John Mahoney, died from the effects a few hours later. Several others are in a critical condition and may die. The police think the liquor was drugged.

—Marion Crowell, a young merchant of Connellsville, Pa., shot and killed Joseph Porter in cold blood Tuesday afternoon. There was no cause for the killing except whisky. Crowell got drunk and started for Dunbar with the avowed intention of shooting him. When they met he asked Porter to drink. Upon his refusal, he drew a revolver and shot him dead. The murderer is under arrest.

—A friend of the lazy, in Bangor, Me., has invented a device by means of which a man can catch a fish without fishing. He attaches a small sleighbell to a piece of bar- one end of which he inserts into a crack in the dock. After baiting his line and throwing it overboard he fastens it to the hoop, puts his hands in his pockets and awaits developments. As soon as the bell is jingled by a jerk on the line, he hauls it in and lands the fish.

—The steamer Alagoas, with exEmperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, and party on board and flying the old Brazilian flag, arrived in the Tagus on last Friday morning. She anchored off Belem, a suburb of Lisbon, opposite the Lazaretto, but was not compelled to undergo quarantine. Dom Pedro, the ex-Empress, the Count and Countess D'Eu (son-in-law), the three sons of the Count and Countess, and Prince Augustus, of Saxe Coburg, the other son-in-law of Dom Pedro, went ashore immediately.

—A little over a year ago a Mrs. Richie, aged about 60 years, went to Denver from Cheyenne with a son of twenty-five years and a deaf-and-dumb daughter aged fifteen. Three weeks ago the mother and son went on a protracted debauch. The old lady not having been seen for several days the landlord entered the house Tuesday night and found her dead body on the floor almost devoured by rats. The son was in an adjoining room in a beastly state of intoxication. The dead woman had $20,000 on deposit in the First National Bank. Foul play is suspected.

—It is a well-known fact that the Economy or Harmony Society, at Economy, Pa., forbid marriage. Their numbers are kept up by adopting children. Of the thousands representing this society at one time thirty remain, and the number is dwindling down yearly. About the first of next year a dozen new members will be taken in. Among the number are some married families. It is being discussed by the members whether it is advisable to adopt matrimony or not. The majority seems to be in favor of it, and the old order permitting members to marry may be reinstated again next year, which will make a marked change in the society.

—John Jacobs, a nineteen-year-old youth, residing with his parents at No. 2,123 Mohawk street, Chicago, had his neck broken in front of his own door on Sunday night. His sister Lizzie, a girl of about fifteen of whom he was very fond, was the cause of the difficulty which resulted in Jacobs' death, and it was while taking her from the company of undesirable companions that he was killed. The girl left the house in the evening and Jacobs soon after went out and found her walking with John Wessell and Paul Stockhart. He called to her to go home, and a scuffle ensued between the boys. Jacobs was pushed against a fence violently, and sank to the ground gasping. He died in a few minutes. No arrests have as yet been made.

—A carious freak of nature came to light in the town of Newport, Perry county, on Tuesday, which called visibly to mind the existence of the once-famous Siamese twins. The wife of John Smith gave birth to twin babies, which were united with a ligament for a space of two inches extending from the navel upward. There was one child of each sex. The male was a fully developed child; the other was terribly deformed. In place of a hand there were but two fingers growing from the wrist. One arm was bent at the elbow, but there was no joint; one hip was up near the shoulder, and one leg was only the semblance of a member, being only about an inch in length. The male portion of the freak was living when born, but died soon after. The body was buried.

—A terrible accident occurred at the wire mill of J. A. Roebling's Sons company, at Trenton, N. J., on Saturday, in which an Italian named John Hitchkash, who works on the rolls, was instantly killed. The red hot iron bars are put through a long roll, which has a series of holes, each smaller than the one preceeding. It was Hitchkash's duty to catch the red hot iron as it came through the rolls and insert the end in the next hole. He failed to catch the end, the red-hot instrument of torture entered his breast, passingall the way through, cutting and burning his heart in twain. Those who stood near could hear the hot iron sizzling in his vitals. He droped dead instantly. The mill was stopped, the wire cut, and he was removed to his home. He was about forty years of age and leaves a family.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

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Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored Silks, a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veilings, colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in all styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels and Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different styles, Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hamburgs Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT.

—Willie Marietta, at Livermore, Westmoreland county, was on Tuesday showing friends how he could jump on moving trains. He fell under the wheels, had both legs cut off, and died shortly after.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE NEWS
OF THE DAY

HOW TO GET IT

—*AND*—

WHERE TO GET IT.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF

The PITTSBURGH POST
FOR 1890.

THE FICTION DEPARTMENT.

AS A family newspaper THE POST will stand without a peer. Its fiction department will continue to be one the most attractive in the country. The serial novels for which contracts for 1890 have already been made are the products of some of the foremost writers of the world. There will be several of these novels in the course of a year, and in book form any one of them would cost more than a year's subscription to THE POST.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

As a Guide for buyers and sellers of merchandise and produce, THE POST'S market reports will be found full, reliable, extensive and of very latest date from every commercial center. While in size and quality of reading matter it is equal to two of the ordinary ones, all of which, and other excellent features, make it the largest, best, and cheapest paper in the country. The cattle, produce and grain markets, especially prepared for the weekly edition, are always full and reliable.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENTS.

The news departments of THE POST are complete, giving each week the world's history for the week. Able correspondents at Washington, Columbus, Cincinnati, New York, and other important points at home and abroad contribute every week graphic letters on men and events. In all the departments that constitute both a great daily and weekly paper, THE POST admits no superior.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

THE WEEKLY POST is the largest Democratic paper in the Union and the aim of the publishers is to make a welcome, instructive and entertaining visitor at the fireside. One of life's real pleasures is an easy chair, a quiet corner and a copy of THE WEEKLY POST. Each number of this sterling magazine—it deserves the name—is a perfect encyclopedia of the doings of the world for a week. A pretty large field to cover, but THE POST does it. There is much, too, outside of mere news to gratify the many tastes of the reading public. No feature, fictional, topical or special, is omitted. The weekly New York fashion letter is a gem for ladies' eyes.

SOME EXTRAORDINARY PREMIUMS.

THE POST is offering some extraordinary premiums this year for subscribers. Send for a copy of its premium list. You can get the WEEKLY POST and a solid gold watch, with gold filled case, guaranteed for ten years, for $11.50, or the WEEKLY POST and a silver watch, an accurate horse-timer, for $7.85; or the WEEKLY POST and a nickel case watch, a horse-timer, for $6.00; or the WEEKLY POST and a boy's nickel watch for $4.50; or the WEEKLY POST and the complete works of Charles Dickens, 15 volumes, for $2.25; or the WEEKLY POST and the complete works of Sir Walter Scoot, 12 volumes, for $2.25; or the WEEKLY POST and an elegant hand embroidery for ladies for $2.00. This embroiderer will do the most beautiful kind of work. THE WEEKLY POST and Mrs. Parker's "Complete Housekeeper," nearly 500 pages, will be sent for $1.75. THE WEEKLY POST and "How to be Your Own Lawyer," 500 pages, will be sent for $1.75. Do not forget to drop a postal card to THE POST asking for a copy of the premium list. This is your chance to get cheap and elegant Christmas gifts.

CASH PREMIUMS.

More surprising, indeed, than the of books, watches, etc., as premiums, are THE POST'S offers of cash premiums for new subscribers. It offers $25 cash for 100 new subscribers at $1 a year; or $50 for $200 new subscribers; or $75 for 300 new subscribers; $100 for 400 new subscribers. This is a great chance to make money.

THE DAILY POST.

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THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST contains twelve pages each week—84 columns of reading matter.

Single subscription, postage prepaid, one year, $1.25. In clubs of five or over, postage prepaid, one year, $1.00.

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A new continued story by the author of "His Wedded Wife," and a splendidly illustrated Christmas story, entitled

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The BAZAR Editorial Department is full of bright articles by various contributors. MRS. SYDNEY has an interesting article on Novelties for Christmas. MRS. BRYAN has an article on Elizabeth Barret Browning. All the regular departments are replete with choice and seasonable reading matter.

MRS. ALICE WALKER writes: "I am a dress maker and I have bought THE NEW YORK FASHION BAZAR every month for the past four years. I could not do without it. The fashions are the very latest."

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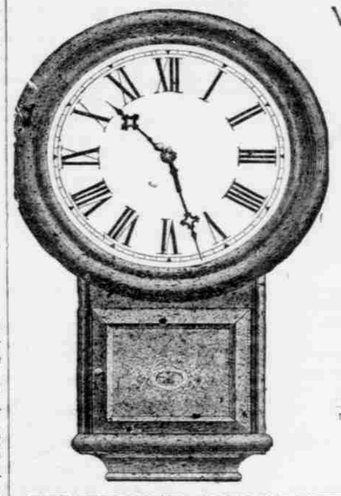

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - DEC. 13, 1889

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mr. Web Griffith left on Monday for Kane, Pa.

—Mrs. Dr. Richards is visiting friends in Zanesville, Ohio.

—Evan Griffith, of Lilly, was a visitor to our town on Tuesday.

—Mr. Al. Ward returned to his home in this place on Friday.

—Cash paid for buckwheat and all kinds of grain at Driggs' new steam mills.

—Our Reade township letter arrived this week one day too late for publication.

—Go and see the fine lot of ladies' gold watches from $22.50 up, at Carl Rivinius'.

—The highest cash price paid by G. L. Fredericks, the sadler, for all kinds of furs.

—Master Fred Barker took his departure for Washington, D. C., where he will spend the winter.

—Philip Miller, of Hastings, was on Wednesday appointed by the Court as constable of that borough.

—Have you seen the $5.00 stem winding watches for boys at Carl Rivinius', just the very thing to please your boy.

—The largest assortment of whips, sleigh bells and robes ever brought to Ebensburg at Langbein's harness shop.

—Headquarters for Christmas presents at Carl Rivinius' jewelry store, go and see before selecting your presents.

—Lieut. Nicholson and family, of Leavenworth, Kansas, are visiting Miss Margaret Rhey, of this place, the present week.

—A very fine selection of solid gold rings of every description, the largest ever seen in Ebensburg, just received by Carl Rivinius.

—If you want good wheat and buckwheat flour, graham bolted meal and chop get it at Driggs' new steam mills where it is being ground fresh every day.

—A young girl named Lizzie Gerhardt was struck by New York and Chicago Limited near Haw's fire-brick works in Johnstown on Tuesday and instantly killed.

—If you need anything in the harness line call and examine the large stock of harness, etc., at C. A. Langbein's harness shop before buying elsewhere.

—A thirty-horse-power stationary engine and boiler, also a Perry shingle mill and jointer complete, for sale at a bargain. For further particulars inquire at this office.

—Mr. Towler, of the firm of Fletcher, Smitten & Towler, fence manufacturers, was in Chest Springs a few days last week looking up the interest of the fence business.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—At Langbein's harness shop you can buy a good double set of working harness for $25.00 and single driving harness as low as $12.00, all hand-made. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

—Caldwell's Atlas of Cambria county will be ready for delivery in about ten days. It is a very complete work and besides containing a complete map of the county, has a great amount of historical information.

—The editor of the Johnstown *Democrat* says he received $256 from the Flood Commission, but that would not replace one-half what he lost in the office, without taking into consideration his household effects.

—Sheriff McCloskey, of Clearfield county, offers a reward of $150 for the capture and return of Augustin Asheraft, who while under sentence to the penitentiary, broke out of the jail at Clearfield on Saturday and escaped.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., wants butter, eggs, potatoes, beans, turnips, onions, apples, ear corn, oats, wheat and rye, also cabbage and sour kraut, for which he will allow the highest price; part cash paid if desired.

—The barn of John F. Read, of Lawrence township, Clearfield county, was destroyed by fire last Saturday night, with all its contents, including 7 cows, a mowing machine, wagon and the year's crops. A falling lamp was the cause.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

—Five boys were brought to jail on Tuesday from Johnstown, charged with the larceny of $150 from the firm of Ramp & Horan of that city. The boys are James Edwards, George Jones, Michael Hohn, Frank Beamish and John Tracy and range in age from twelve to sixteen years.

—Mr. James Rhoddy, of Ashville, has recently opened up a first-class restaurant in his new building, recently finished, and in the future people visiting that place will have no difficulty in getting a lunch at any reasonable hour. Jim is a first-class fellow and we know he will keep a first-class restaurant. Give him a call.

—The Carrolltown Planing Mill is running day and night and the reason of this is that D. A. Luther, Jr., proprietor, is manufacturing all kinds of lumber, such as doors, sash, moulding, stair work, brackets, flooring and siding at prices that defy competition. He has three planers running and fills all orders out promptply. Give him a trial order.

—Frank Christy, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, had one of his arms so badly crushed while coupling cars at Altoona on Friday last, that it was necessary to amputate it at the city hospital. Mr. Christy is a young man, a resident of Gallitzin, and a couple of months ago during the absence of E. I. Mower, the brakeman on the branch, took Mr. Mower's place and was here for several weeks.

—Messrs. Fletcher, Smitten & Towler, who have established a fence factory in Ebensburg, are about ready for business, their machinery having arrived a few days ago. The fence will be manufactured at the planing mill of E. B. Creswell where it can be seen by all parties interested in fences. It is the best and cheapest fence we have ever seen, as it will keep out all kinds of stock from a half-grown chicken to a bull, is easily put up and presents a handsome appearance. Call and see for yourselves.

—Some time during Tuesday night the store room of Messrs. V. S. Barker & Bros., of this place, was broken into and the change left in the till, some five or six dollars, taken. The front door was pried open and an axe, used in opening the door, was left in the store. The next morning Deputy Sheriff Davis recognized the axe as one belonging to him and which had been taken from his premises during the night. The Messrs. Barkers were unable to say whether anything else but the change had been taken or not, as the goods in the store had been very little disturbed and they missed nothing. Money was evidently what the thieves were after, and after robbing the till, left the goods unmolested. They made no effort to get into the safe.

—Mr. Casper Smith, of Barr township, was a visitor to our office on Thursday.

—Mr. James Wilson, a subscriber to the FREEMAN, formerly of Portage, but now of Latrobe, Pa., dropped in to see us on Thursday.

—The bond of Mr. James C. Darby, the newly elected Prothonotary, was approved by the Court on Monday. Mr. Darby will continue H. H. Myers, the present efficient clerk, and General McDonald will act as clerk in the Court.

—The *Local News* of this place in its issue of November 30th had an article reflecting on the hotels at Lilly. As a matter of justice to the proprietor of the Brandt House, in that place we publish the names of the parties registered at his hotel on the day referred to for the purpose of showing that the Brandt House and its proprietor, Mr. George Brandt, at least do their duty in providing accommodations for the traveling public. The following named persons were entertained at the Brandt House on the day referred to: W. C. Wolfe, J. C. Jones, Paul Vetter, Ed. M. Bolsinger, T. A. Sharbaugh, Robt. Scanlan, H. H. Myers, Mrs. M. D. Bearer, Annie Blair, Mary Roberts, T. R. Kerr, Maude Bender, Dode C. Fenlon, Phil. G. Fenlon, May F. Henry, Alice Sechler, Maggie Myers, Cyrus W. Jones, M. D' Bearer, H. B. Esterline, Mrs. C. G. Porter, Geo. H. Roberts, E. G. Kerr, W. J. Stineman, Nettie Stineman, Mary Scanlan, H. Ryland, Jr., P. S. Pyle, E. J. Shem, Harry Lloyd, Phil. Luttringer, Ira Davis, John McBreen, Harvey Stineman, R. L. McBreen, R. Devereaux, Nan M. James.

Court Proceedings.

Com. vs. Robert C. Howard. Sodomy. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to one year and four months in penitentiary.

Com. vs. Michael Cannon. Larceny. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to one year and four months in penitentiary.

Com. vs. Daniel McFall. Malicious mischief. Sentenced to four months in jail.

Com. vs. John Smith. Assault and battery Grand Jury ignored the bill and put the costs on the prosecutrix, Margaret Good.

Com. vs. Thomas R. Miller. False pretense. Grand Jury ignored the bill and put the costs on the prosecutor, J. A. Young.

Com. vs. John Yoder. Obtaining goods by false pretense. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to jail for five days and to restore the goods.

Com. vs. John Utzler. Assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty. Fined $10 and costs.

Com. vs. Henry Ganghnour. Assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and give bail in the sum of $200, to keep the peace.

The following cases were continued:

Com. vs. Augustin Saltzgiver. Malicious mischief.

Com. vs. Henry Milhorn. Fornix et cet.

Com. vs. Joseph Donohoo. Same offense.

Com. vs. William Barker. Malicious mischief.

A nolle prosqui was entered in the following cases:

Com. vs. Felix McHugh, malicious mischief.

Com. vs. William Osborn, resisting an officer.

Com. vs. George Ross, obtaining money by false pretenses.

Com. vs. Nathan Hoffman, fornication and bastardy.

Com. vs. John Glock, fornication and bastardy.

Com. vs. Edward C. Bingle, malicious machief.

Com. vs. W. Eichrich, larceny.

Com. vs. Patrick Sharkey, larceny.

Com. vs. Margaret Hebron, larceny.

Com. vs. Edward Spencer, adultery.

Com. vs. Michael D. Little. Assault and battery. Jury find defendadt not guilty, but that he pay one half the costs and the prosecutor, Peter Cordell, the other half.

Com. vs. Jacob Gates. Assault and battery. Bill ignored.

Com. vs. Peter Brown. Assault and battery. Bill ignored.

Com. vs. Louis and Lemon Bodenshotz. Assault and battery. Bill ignored and the prosecutrix, Jennie Dougherty, sentenced to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Joseph Miller. Assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to jail for 30 days.

Com. vs. W. H. Watkins. Assault and battery. Jury acquitted the defendant and put the costs on the prosecutor.

Com. vs. Mary Ellen Gallagher. Assault and battery. Jury acquit defendant and put the costs on Mrs. Winifred McGuire, the prosecutrix.

Com. vs. Geo. Makneiz. Carrying concealed deadly weapons. Defendant plead guilty and was fined $10 and costs.

Com. vs. John B. Wettergreen. Resisting an officer. *Nolle prosqui* entered.

Com. vs. Charles Hohan. Shooting with intent to kill. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to eighteen months in the penitentiary.

Com. vs. William Litz. Larceny. A *nolle prosqui* was entered.

Com. vs. Augustine Clock and William Westbrook. Shooting with intent to maim. Jury find defendants guilty. Sentenced to six months in jail.

Com. vs. Augustine Clock and William Westbrook. Larceny. Jury find defendants guilty. Sentenced to six months in jail.

Com. vs. James Dillon *alias* James McMullen *alias* Joseph Dillon. Larceny. Jury find defendan' guilty.

Com. vs. George Keller. Larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Com. vs. James Long. Selling liquor to minors. Continued.

Com. vs. Joseph Dunlap. Assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty and the county pay the costs.

Com. vs. Thomas Watson. Breaking into a store. Jury find defendant guilty and recommend him to the mercy of the Court.

Com. vs. James Farley. Larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Com. vs. John McMullen. Highway robbery. On trial.

Communication.

JOHNSTOWN, Dec. 6, 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—Having noticed an article in the Ebensburg *Local News* of November 30, 1889, in regard to the hotel capacity and ill management at Lilly, Pa. On the night in question, Nov. 28, 1889, the Brandt and George houses seems to have had their hands full in attending to the wants of their own guests and those of the Ebensburg Opera company, as the register of the Brandt House will fully attest having at a very short notice served supper to 40 people, which fact must speak for its self as to the capabilities of the Brandt House. I will here state as an uninterested party that I have always found the Brandt House to be first-class in every respect, and its patrons to be of the best, having an established reputation among traveling business men.

Hoping that this plain statement will remove the doubt that appeared in the aforsaid paper as to the capabilities and hospitalities of the Brandt House at Lilly.

I am Respectfully Yours,
ONE WHO KNOWS.

Attendance at Indiana Normal.

The attendance at Indiana normal is larger at present than at any previous fall term. The winter term opens Dec. 30. The spring term opens March 31. Special classes will be organized during term for those who cannot come at the opening of term. Persons desiring information would do well to correspond early with the principal, Z. X. Snyder.

School Report.

The following is the report of the Ebensburg Public Schools for month ending November, 1889:

TEACHERS.	Average Enrolled.	attendance.
Allie L. Lloyd	1	40
Effie Myers	2	24
Annie Shenkle	3	22
Annie Jones	4	16
T. B. Allison	6	21
Totals		123

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Visits.
Allie L. Lloyd	1	40	38	78	35	35	70
Effie Myers	2	24	25	49	23	23	45
Annie Shenkle	3	22	19	41	15	17	32
Annie Jones	4	16	24	40	14	22	36
T. B. Allison	6	21	11	32	20	10	30
Totals		123	117	240	106	107	222

Room No. 1.—Class Leaders—A class, June Davis; B class, Irwin Good; C class, Don Cook.

Room No. 2.—Class Leaders—A class, Annie Tibbott; B class, Ethel Shields.

Room No. 3.—Class Leaders—B class, Annie McBreen; A class, Adda Jones.

Room No. 4.—Class Leaders—A class, Annie Shields; B class, May Griffith.

Room No. 5.—Class Leaders—A class, Olin Barker; B class, Willie Farnsworth.

The following is the names of pupils who were perfect in attendance during month:

Room No. 1.—June Davis, Blanche Gant, Mabet Gant, Mary Englehart, Rosy Crouse, Edith Davis, Maud Folsom, Pearl Kruies, Fannie Thomas, Lida Davison, Florie Weaklin, Annie Hitchue, Laura Powell, Ella Tibbott, Don Cook, Emmett Weaklin, Edson Hill, Harry Bennett, Joseph Crouse, Arthur Hill, Daniel Lewis, Harry Jones, Irvin Good, Stanton Jones, Emerson Jones, Joseph Davis, Daniel Thomas, Richard Owens, Walter Apel, Bertie Connell.

Room No. 2.—Herbie Evans, Harry Connell, Elmer Davis, Ollie Stineman, Henry Ludwig, Leo Luttringer, Walter Jones, Ernest Weaklen, Rhode Ritter, Arthur Evans, Roy Cook, Bessie Evans, Annie Owens, Annie Tibbott, Barbara Harvey, Ida Esterline, Ethel Shields, Mamie Thompson, Lizzie Ludwig, Lida Ludwig, Annie Hammond, Gertie Hill, Edith Barker, Minerva Huber.

Room No. 3.—Daisy Corbin, May Davis, Ada Jones, E. May Davis, Mary Nipple, Myrtle Jones, Maud Shenefelt, Annie McBreen, Mary Leighty, Peter Ludwig, John Ritter, Ollie Davis, Wallace Humphreys, Charley Evans, Irvin Gant, Herschell Evans, Wellington Evans, Joseph Luttringer.

Room No. 4.—Annie Shields, Gertie Bower, Annie Frederick, Annie Mills, Nannie Luttringer, May Griffith, Sadie Nipple, Monnie Murray, Blanche Folsom, Minnie Kirschner, Cora Evans, George Thomas, Fred Jones, Amos James, William Burkhart, Butler Roberts, Harry Shenefelt, Ollie Stough.

Death of Bishop Tuigg.

Right Rev. Bishop John Tuigg, D. D., of the Catholic diocese of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, died at the episcopal residence in Altoona on last Saturday afternoon, at 5 minutes of 3 o'clock. Bishop Tuigg has been in failing health for several years past and his death was not unexpected. His decease will be sincerely lamented by thousands, not only members of his own flock, but by those of other denominations in Altoona, who had long known him and appreciatad his true devotion to duty. The deceased prelate was born in County Cork, Ireland, February 19th, 1820, and early evineing an inclination to a religious life, when a youth, entered the famous college of All Hallows, Dublin where he continued until the fall of 1849, when he came to this country and was soon after appointed a professor in St. Michael's seminary, at Pittsburg, and on May 11th, 1850, was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. For two or three years he was stationed at Pittsburg, remaining in that city until 1853, when in July of that year he was sent to Altoona, then a small village, where he continued as pastor of St. John's congregation up until the diocese was divided and Bishop Domenic taking the diocese of Allegheny, Father Tuigg was appointed Bishop of Pittsburg and consecrated as such in St. Paul's Cathedral in that city on the 19th of March, 1876. In July, 1877, Bishop Domenic resigned and the see of Allegheny and its administration was confided to Bishop Tuigg.

In 1882 Bishop Tuigg had an attack of heart disease from which he never fully recovered, and on the 13th of April, 1883, he was prostrated with an attack of paralysis which at intervals was followed by several other attacks of the same nature that left him greatly weakened in body. On Thursday last he was taken with a congestive chill, which terminated fatally.

The funeral ceremonies over the dead Bishop were held in Altoona on Wednesday at 10 o'clock. The body was taken to St. John's church on Tuesday where it laid in state and was viewed by thousands of people. Bishop Phelan, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and a number of other bishops and priests were in attendance at the obsequities.

Murder in the First Degree.

The case of the Commonwealth against Charles Carter, colored, for the murder of John Matthews, which was on trial last week when we went to press and the names of the jurors published in last week's FREEMAN, was concluded on Friday by the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

According to the testimony in the case the killing occurred at the house of John Henry Roberts, a colored man who is married to a white woman, and resides in Conemaugh borough. The house has a bad reputation and was the resort of disteputable men and women. Emma Dunn, a white girl, was a frequenter of the dive and Carter and his victim were both infatuated with her. Some time before the shooting Matthews had told the girl something that Carter had said about her, and when Carter called she repeated the conversation to him and they quarreled. While the quarrel was going on Matthews and a companion entered the house and Carter at once charged Matthews with lying about him, to which Matthews replied "I guess not." Carter, who was sitting down, at once rose up and pulling out a revolver fired three shots at Matthews, two of which entered his body, from the effects of which he died the next day. After the shooting Carter fled and was arrested in Harrisburg a couple of weeks after. Carter has a bad reputation, and comes from a bad family, as it is said that his brother, Jesse Carter, was hanged some years ago in Pittsburg for the murder of a man named Foster, and another brother is serving a term in the penitentiary, having plead guilty to a charge of manslaughter. The jury was out about four hours and it is said on the first ballot stood nine for conviction of murder in the first degree and two for murder in the second degree.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1889:

Christian F. Goran and Mary Rilon, Morrellville.

Jacob S. Miller, Stonycreek township and Kattie Kelly, Johnstown.

William Keating, Morrellville and Annie M. Kelly, Jackson township.

Alex. Paulson and Annie Hadengreen, Morrellville.

David J. Lavely and Margaret M. Bartlebaugh, Millville.

Eyan D. Powell and Jennie Worthington, Johnstown.

Philp W. Luman and Susan L. Penrod, South Fork.

Henry Funk, Jackson township and Sarah Leidy, Ebensburg.

—Winchester rifles cheap at Duftons'.

Hastings Clippings.

HASTINGS, Dec. 10, 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—Not having heard from our town through your paper for some time, and it being so muddy that I could not travel through the town to find loafing places, I thought that I would try and amuse myself by sending you a few items.

The wreck on the Clearfield and Cambria railroad caused the miners to be idle for a few days, but all are at work now and everyone appearing to be happy.

The new slope is proving to be a grand success under the management of Mr. McHugh. In a short time they will be able to ship coal and by next summer they expect to be able to ship one hundred cars daily. This will be a big boom for Hastings.

The long looked for station is completed and adds much to the appearance of our town. Mr. Parks is the operator, and we wish him a pleasant time while in our midst.

F. J. Kline is back in his old pool stand. Frank claims to be the champion pool player. SLICK.

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

The Exposition is closed until October next. We saw it; it was great, being in its infancy, but we saw enough to convince ourselves of the fact that enterprise, such as displayed there, should not be passed by without some comment. But we still wonder why it was that only *one* wholesale liquor house was so boldly represented. You could see its pyramid of bottles from any part of the great building. It was the prettiest diplay there. Max Klein has proved to the public that he wants to be seen. His "Silver Age" rye whisky has now such a well earned reputation that he is proud of it and he wants everybody to see it. His goods are pure and reliable. You can have his Silver Age at $1.50 per full quarts. His Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt or Gibson at $1.00 per quart, or 6 quarts for $5.00. Send for his price list and mention this paper. His address is MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny.

DIED.

LILLY.—Died in Johnstown on Sunday, December 8th, 1889, Mr. Edward Lilly, aged 22 years.

It was a shock to the many friends and acquaintenances of Edward Lilly, when the news of his death was received here on last Sunday afternoon. It was but a short time since he left home and he then appeared to be in the best of health and a vigorous and stout young man. It was at first reported that he was killed on the railroad, but the following particulars of his death taken from the Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday relieves the sad and sudden announcement of the additional cause for sorrow for his being violently killed on the railroad.

Edward, son of Mr. Isadore Lilly, Steward of the Cambria County Almshouse, died quite suddenly at a quarter past 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at Freidhoff's Hotel, Conemaugh borough, where he boarded. On Saturday afternoon he accompanied his brother to the P. R. R. station for the 4.11 train. On his way back to town, after the train had left, he was seized with a pain in the bowels and called at Dr. Zimmerman's drug store for medicine. He was treated by the doctor and fell asleep. After a short nap he awoke and was taken by the Doctor in his carriage to the boarding house. There his pains grew more severe, and about 10 o'clock Dr. H. F. Tomb was called. He pronounced the case one of acute peritonitis, and prescribed proper remedies. At 5 o'clock Sunday morning the Doctor again visited him, Dr. John Lowman being also summoned, but their ministrations failed to afford the patient relief. As he continued to grow worse Father Alto, of St. Joseph's German Catholic church, was called and administered the last rites of religion. A few minutes later the sufferer expired.

His father, who was notified by telegraph, of his son's illness, was unable to reach here until Fast Line last night. Today he took the remains to Ebensburg for interment.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Estate of Lewis Burgoon, deceased. Letters testamentary in the estate of Lewis Burgoon, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement, to
MARY JANE BUCOON,
Executrix of Lewis Burgoon, dec'd.
Ashville, Pa., Dec. 13, 1889.-6t.

COAL LETTING.

The Commissioners of Cambria county will receive sealed proposals at their office at Ebensburg, Pa., until 1 o'clock P. M., Monday, Dec. 23rd, 1889, for furnishing coal for Court House and jail for one year, No. 1 screened House Coal is required and it must be delivered in the bins of the buildings.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN KIRBY,
JOHN CAMPBELL, } Com'rs.
J. G. LLOYD,
Attest: D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

Jos. Horne & Co.

PENN AVE. STORES.

Xmas Presents.

What more appropriate than a handsome dress for mother, or sister, or wife?

BLACK SILK.
A few months ago Raw Silk cost 15 per cent. more than it costs now.
Our Silks were bought before the rise.
The prices are lower than prices can possibly be in a stock bought since.
Over 200 grades.
to select from.
in plain and fancy
Black Silks—all the staple weaves
and many new ones.
Everything in
Colored Silks
for evening wear or fancy work, at lowest prices.
Send for Samples.

Holiday Dress Patterns,
Good, warm and wearable
Plaids, Stripes, Checks,
Tricots and Cashmeres, at
$2.50 a pattern,
up to the finest Paris Robes.
Inquire of our Mail Order Department.

Ladies' and Gent's Handkerchiefs
by thousand dozens.
Special Holiday Boxes.

Ladies' and Gent's Gloves and Furnishings.

JOS. HORNE & CO.,

609--621 Penn Ave,

PITTSBURG, PA.

Everything will be sent by mail, express or freight to any address, and satisfaction is always guaranteed.

Nov. 15,-1ychmly.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
☞ Office in Colonnade Row.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the Loretto Merchandise company are hereby notified to call and settle on or before the 1st day of October next, as after that date the books will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.
JOHN F. WILL.
Loretto, Sept. 13, 1889.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, to hear and decide upon exceptions and make report in the matter of the exceptions to the account of Annie Brookbank, deceased, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Ebensburg, on Wednesday the 25th day of January, 1890, at the hour of 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.
E. G. KERR, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec 6, 1889.-3t.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his farm situate in Cambria township, three and a half miles east of Ebensburg, containing 110 acres, 80 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The farm is well watered, has a new frame house and a frame barn thereon erected and has an orchard of one hundred and twenty trees of choice fruit. Possession will be given at any reasonable time and terms will be made to suit the purchaser.
WILLIAM J. TIERNEY.
Cambria Twp., Aug. 30, 1889.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, his wife, of Summerhill township, Cambria Co., Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, bearing date the 23rd day of November, A. D., 1889, have assigned to Jesse H. Dimond, of the like residence, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, all the estate, real and personal, of them the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick. All persons indebted to the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick, or either of them, will make immediate payment to the said assignee, or those having claims or demands against them, or either of them, will present the same without delay.
JESSE H. DIMOND.
Ebensburg, Dec. 13, '89, 6t.- Assignee.

OFFICE OF THE CLEARFIELD AND JEFFERSON RAILROAD COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21, 1889.

The Board of Directors of this Company has called a special meeting of its stockholders to be held at the office of the company, at Room 257, Bullitt Building, 141 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, on FRIDAY, December 27, 1889, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of voting for or against the merger and consolidation of said Company with the Bell's Gap Railroad Company under the terms and provisions of the agreement of merger and consolidation now on file at the company's office, whereby, inter alia, an increase of capital stock and bonded indebtedness of the consolidated corporation will be effected according to law, and to transact any other business which may come before the meeting.
FRANK S. LEWIS,
Secretary.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

Carrolltown, Penn'a.

Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

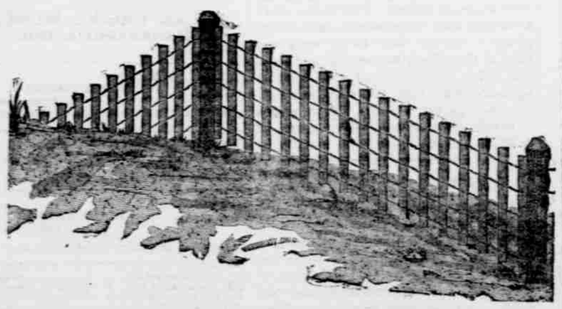
ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

FALL AND WINTER STOCK
—OF—
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBER WEAR
JUST RECEIVED AT
R. L. DAVIS' CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Boots for Men and Boys,
Gum Boots for Men and Boys,
Ladies' and Misses' Shoes,
Gum Shoes for Ladies and Children,
Shoes for Children and Babies,
Shoes to fit Everybody at Lowest Prices.

JULIAN ST., EBENSBURG, PA

CHAMPION COMBINATION FENCE.



This cut represents the Champion Combination Fence that is being manufactured by the Cambria County Fence Factory at Ebensburg, and which has given entire satisfaction wherever it is being put up. It is the cheapest, best and strongest fence made. Something the farmers have been waiting for and must have. The fencing is manufactured by E. B. Creswell. Now farmers and others, if you want a good farm or yard fence do not fail to see the Champion Combination Fence.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!
AND SIMON BROTHERS are preparing for the event by laying in a large stock goods appropriate for the occasion.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!
AND SIMON BROTHERS are making great preparations for the occasion.

Christmas Is Coming
AND
SIMON ∴ BROS.
ARE PREPARING FOR THE EVENT.

Gus. Simon has left for the Eastern cities for the purpose of laying in an immense and fine stock of goods for the HOLIDAY SEASON. No one will be forgotten, and both rich and poor can find goods of every description in our mammoth store agreeable to their tastes.

SIMONS' WEEKLY CARD OF REASON.

Ladies do you want to make your husbands or brothers a nice, durable Christmas Present? If so, come to our store and buy them one of our nice suits which will cost you only TEN DOLLARS. The suits are made up of the finest material. If a suit won't do, buy them one of our fine Overcoats, of which we have fifty different styles at the low figure of EIGHT DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS ($8.50) each. If this be too much, buy them a Hat, or Fur Cap. We have these at $1.08 each—the nicest kind in the market. Other dealers ask you $1.75 to $2.00 for the same kind. Or buy them a beautiful Necktie or a pair of Suspenders or—oh, well, come around to our store and undoubtedly you can select some beautiful and appropriate present from the one thousand and one articles we have in stock.

And now Gentlemen, we would like to say a word or two you:

Surely you will not be too stingy to buy your wife, sister, mother or sweetheart something durable, beautiful and useful for a Christmas present. Surely not. If you intend doing so, be sure and come straight to us before going elsewhere, as we can sell you, dirt cheap, some of the most beautiful and latest ladies' Cloth Coats, long or short, Jerseys and Plushes, long or short, ever brought to Gallitzin, at 60 cents on the dollar. We also have, from which you can select a handsome present, a fine line of Furs—such as Muffs and Boas. A fine line of Shawls of all kinds. A fine line of Dress Goods, from the cheapest to the best. A fine line of Shoes, Gloves, Hoods, Fascinators, Mufflers, Statuary, Albums, Picture Frames, etc.,—in fact anything you may want will be found in our store.

We are not going to forget the children either. We are going to fill a nice stocking for each and every one of you. We are able to do this through a special contract with Santa Claus.

Now, reader, remember that what we say in the foregoing is a fact, and when you want to buy go at once to Simon Bros.' largest general store in Cambria county at Gallitzin, where you can save from 30 to 35 per cent. on all purchases, something you cannot do when you buy elsewhere.

☞ We will pay return fares of all persons from a distance by rail who purchase goods of us.

FINE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
Go to Simon Brothers, Chestnut Street, Gallitzin, Pa. They have them in all varieties from the most costly down to the cheapest.

—SIMON BROTHERS—
Are Headquarters for VALUABLE and DURABLE Christmas Presents. Give them a call and be convinced on this point.

New Plan Store SAYS
Look Here!

We have just returned from New York where we succeeded in purchasing a splendid stock of Underwear, Hosiery, Caps, Rubbers,

Shoes, Clothing, Caps,

etc., that even we, with our record of low prices, were never able to quote before and may never be again. These splendid bargains are

All on the Way

here and next week we will quote you prices on them if they are not all gobbled up before this paper goes to press. Don't buy anything in our line until you see our new stock. Talk about Bargains!

"Bargains" is a Small Word

and there is no other word in the English language that will give you a clear idea of what we can and will do; nothing but seeing them for yourself. They will be here soon and will be

Marked in Plain Figures
THAT WILL
Sweep Everything Before Them

with as little mercy to high prices as the flood of the Conemaugh Valley showed to life and property. We have a few of those all-wool Undershirts for 45 cents, with drawers to match at same price. Good wool Mittens for 19 cents, wool Hose at 21 cents, and a very heavy all-wool Hose, our best, for 25 cents. Ribbons at different prices. But

What is the Use of Talking?

Come and see the goods for yourself. We want you to see our goods whether you buy or not.

COOK & CO.

Origin of the Fork.

It seems clear enough, in the light of negative evidence, that the few forks included in the silverware of the ages were not used as forks are used to-day. Since kitchen forks served as spits and for holding roasts, it is probable that the high-born lords and ladies of those times, who only appear to have possessed these instruments, used their silver forks for toasting their bread at the breakfast-room fire. There is some direct evidence that they were employed to hold substances particularly disagreeable or inconvenient to handle, as toasted cheese, which would leave an unpleasant smell; or sticky sugar dainties; or soft fruits, the juice of which would stain the fingers.

Only one incident is related of the use of the fork in the eleventh century fashion. This was by a noble lady of Byzantium, who had married a Doge of Venice, and continued in that city to eat after her own custom cutting her meat very finely up and conveying it to her mouth with a two-pronged fork.

The act was regarded in Venice, according to Pietrus Damiunus, as a sign of excessive luxury and extreme effeminacy. It suggests a probability that the fashion of eating with forks originated at the Imperial Court of Byzantium and then extended to the west. Some hundreds of years had still to pass before it could be domiciliated in Europe, for this Doge's Byzantine wife lived in the eleventh century, while the fashion of eating with forks did not become general till the seventeenth century.

The Snow Flower.

Count Anthoskoff's curious discovery of the snow flower is likely to interest floriculturists for some time to come, as from the accounts given of it, it appears to be not only a remarkable but a singularly beautiful plant. It was discovered on the perpetually frozen ground of Siberia, but Count Anthoskoff has succeeded in raising plants from seed placed in a pot of snow at St. Petersburg. The bloom lasts only for a single day, and comes once in two years. A French contemporary thus describes it: The leaves are three in number, and each about three inches in diameter. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the north, and each seems covered with microscopic crystals of snow. The flower when it opens is star shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and about half an inch in width.

Short Names.

The family in France which has no other surname than the letter B, has, since the publication of the account of a registry office lad's perplexity over the name, developed several rivals.

In Belgium there is a family of some distinction whose name is O. One branch of this family is said to be descended from a French Marquis of O, who was a court official in the reign of Henry III.

In addition to the French village named Y, there is a river Y; and in Sweden there is a village called A.

It is said that there is in China a village named V, but as the Chinese have no equivalent for our alphabet, the bestowing of this name upon it on the maps must have been the result of the ingenuity of the geographer, who had no room to get in "Yoo" on his chart.

How to Rescue the Drowning

A noted swimmer in answer to the question: "What is the best course to pursue in aiding people who are drowning says: "Take by the back hair and hold them at arm length. I've noted one thing about drowning people. When they are sinking the first time if they see you and they rise again they know where to grapple with you, and the result is you both go down together, with a strong probability that you will be drowned. It is my advice, that if you go to rescue a drowning person you should swim around him and keep behind him, so he won't see you when he comes up the second time. Another thing when going to a person's rescue try to gain his confidence. It is a fact that one finger placed under a swimmer's body will keep him afloat if you can only get him to believe it."

A Valuable Seed.

Undoubtedly the most valuable single seed in the world has recently been offered for sale at Calcutta, India. It is the ekunkhi rudrakshi, a sacred seed regraded with much veneration by the followers of Shiva, because of certain supernatural qualities ascribed to it. What these qualities are is something of a mystery. The seed is produced by a tree in Nepaul, the only one in existence. It is only once in many years that any seeds are produced, while out of a million it is seldom that more than three perfect seeds are found. An offer of the large amount of a lac of rupees ($50,000) has been made for this seed, but has not been accepted, as it is thought a much higher price will be paid for it.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.

THE elm tree that shelters the Sheldon homestead at Deerfield, Mass., is one of the oldest in the State, and its history can be traced back authentically for 200 years. George Sheldon, whose family have occupied the old house for the same length of time, says that when he was a boy, sixty years ago, the tree was apparently as large as it is now. It is twenty one feet in circumference at the base, and nearly one hundred feet high.

WHEN a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

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Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
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CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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CIGARS & CIGARETTES.
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These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY
PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.
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No Dirt! No Fuss! No Back Ache!
LASTS LONGER,
LOOKS BRIGHTER,
and makes the Shoes WEAR BETTER.
Don't let the grocer have all the best things, be sure
Wolff's ACME Blacking
ONCE A WEEK FOR MEN.
ONCE A MONTH FOR WOMEN.
I find it a tip top Harness Dressing.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia

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Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Shop in Barnes' Row, on Centre street.
apr29-yl

The Biggest Earthquakes.

In 365 A. D. the greater part of the Roman world was convulsed by an earthquake, which was followed by tidal waves. For a long time afterward the city of Alexandria annually commemorated the fatal day when 50,000 citizens lost their lives in an inundation. Two centuries later the Roman empire again was shaken, and credulity is staggered by the statement that 250,000 lives were lost.

One shrinks from enumerating many of the great earthquakes of history, for to attempt the task is to sup full of horrors. In the early history of America the disappearance of whole cities was not unusual. In 1456, 60,000 persons were killed in Naples. In 1759 there were destructive shocks in Syria and at Balbec 10,000 perished. In 1783 Guatemala, with all its riches and 8,000 families, was swallowed up. In Sicily and Cambria, from 1738 to 1786, the victims reached a total of 80,000. China's capital was destroyed in 1333 and multitudes were killed in a series of shocks that were distributed through ten years. And so on until the statistics become sickening.

The great Lisbon earthquake of 1751 will be remembered as the one in which the good Dr. Johnson refused to believe, although he pinned his faith to the story of the Cock lane ghost. This shock extended over a surface of the globe four times greater than that of Europe, destroying the cities of Fez and Mesquinez in Morocco, with 15,000 persons, and affecting the coasts of Greenland, the Isle of Madeira, and the West Indies, nearly 4000 miles away. At Lisbon it was All Saints' day, the hour of high mass, and all the churches were crowded. There were three shocks, and then the city was in ruins. The earthquake was followed by the horrors of a conflagration.

In the Caracas earthquake of 1812 the people were praying, like those of Lisbon, when desolation came upon them. It was Thursday of Holy week, and great numbers were in the churches. At least 4000 people perished in the downfall of the sacred edifices. One cathedral only held out.

Moorish Beauty.

The Moors have extraordinary ideas concerning female beauty. They fancy an oily skin, teeth projecting beyond the lips, pointed nails an inch long and a figure so corpulent that two persons putting their arms around the waist could scarcely make their fingers touch. A woman of moderate pretentions to beauty needs a slave under each arm to support her as she walks, and a perfect belle carries weight enough to load a camel. Mothers are so anxious to have their daughters attain this unwieldly size that they make them eat a great quantity of millet pudding and drink several bowls of camel's milk a day. Mungo Park says he has seen a poor girl sit crying for more than an hour with the bowl at her lips, while her mother stood over her with a stick and beat her whenever she perceived that she was not swallowing.

The Moors marry at a very early age and wives are always purchased. The father of the girl cannot refuse an offer unless there is some stain on the young man's character. If a wife does not become the mother of a son she may be divorced by the husband. The mother of many sons is held in the highest respect and is never suffered to perform any menial office.

How Far Can You Hear.

Some experiments in judging distance by sound were carried out on Saturday last by one of the London brigades of the Metropolitan volunteers. This branch of military tatics is quite a departure in volunteering and one which, if it is to be made of service, will require more than an ordinary amount of practice. It was first explained to the men that sound travels at the rate of 1,100 yards in three seconds, and on this basis they were to estimate the distance at which some rifles were being discharged in the darkness. The answers at first were very wide of the mark, some of the men being as much as 150 yards out in their calculation. With a little practice, however, a great improvement was shown, many of the men guessing the distance exactly. I am told, however, that the experiments are not as satisfactory as was hoped, and is thought some time must elapse before judging distance by sound can be relied upon with any certainty.

A Dinner In Palestine.

The Jews generally eat their dinner before noon, and their supper after sundown. The chief meal of the Jews was in the evening; of the Egyptians it was at noon. The early Hebrews sat or squatted round a low table upon which the meal was served, but in later time couches were used to recline upon before the tables. The guests were ranged in order of rank side by side, resting upon the left elbow, the right arm being free. The dishes, as they are to this day, were generally stews rice, beans, and purgal (cracked wheat, with soups or sauces. The meals were so cooked that when served they fell to pieces. Knives and forks were not used at the tables, but spoons, and generally thin slices of bread were doubled up and dipped into the soup, and eating from the same dish. These pieces of bread also served the purpose of napkins.

Longfellow with Variations.

A country editor who takes an unusually gloomy view of the approaching wintry weather, bewails the hazardous condition of his wearing apparel in the following delicate manner: "Lives of great men oft remind us honest toil don't stand a chance, more we work we leave behind us bigger patches on our pants. Oh those pants once new and glossy, now are patched with many a hue, all because subscribers linger, will not pay us what is due. Then let them be up and doing, send your mite tho' be it small, or when snows of winter strike us we shall have no pants at all."

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Ontario Centre, N. Y. MRS. J. J. WATSON.

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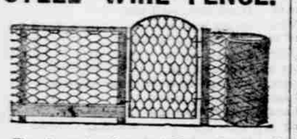

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BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE Boxes, Stencils, Inks, Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

When you want posters printed call at the office.

The Mocking Birds of Yosemite.

Few of those who have sojourned over quite a long time in Yosemite valley are aware that it is filled with myriads of mocking birds, the other sights and sounds overpowering all else, and beside, the birds make their haunts as far as possible from the places where the travelers go. The writer of this was in that wonderful valley and was invited to make one of a quiet party and ride down to the Bridal Veil falls.

The stream that fell from that sublime cliff was thin and transparent, and looked a little thing from that awful height seen through this natural rift in the trees which made a fitting frame for so grand a picture.

The thundering of the water into that seething caldron ceased, and we looked to see where it had gone. The wind had swept that floating, misty veil aside and dashed the bright drops against the mighty sides of the mountain, where it nourished millions of beautiful flowers, and the misty veil swayed and swept in a rainbow arch far aside, and silence reigned unbroken for one moment, and then burst forth the song of the mocking birds in the trees, the bushes, the air, until the whole forest pulsated in unison with their song.

Millions of brown coated birds there were everywhere, until the whole of our very natures seemed permeated with their music. Sometimes low and sweet, again sad plaintive, and then full, rich and triumphant like a paan of joy and gladness, while we looked at each other in wondering silence. Just as it seemed that the melody was unsupportably sweet, and that our hearts could not contain more without the relief of tears or shouts, the wind died away and the water again struck with an awsome roar into its rocky hollow with a force that made the earth tremble, and was again lashed to furious foam and the song of the mocking birds hushed. Thus it goes on ever and ever, alternately, and has for ages, the song of the birds and the thunderous reverberation of the cataract.

Royal Dinners in England.

The royal dinner parties of England are the most formal and studied in the world. To beginners they become a frightful ordeal, and they rarelysat the end can tell what the meal consists of; to old stagers they are a frightful bore. The novices are expected to arrive early so as to be posted by Sir Henry Ponsonby in court etiquette. The queen usually receives her guests for afternoon tea in her own sitting room, and remains a short time with them chatting on light subjects; then they are permitted to wander over the castle or stay in their rooms till dinner time, which is at 9. She says a few words to each guest as she enters the dining room, and then leads the way to the table. It always seems so discourteous for no one to step up and offer the old lady his arm, but it would require an equal in rank to do so, and she enters and leaves the room alone. There is very little conversation at the table. Each guest is asked one question by the queen, and can make one reply. The pauses between are dreadful, and the mechanical parceling out of questions and answers makes it seem as if the queen were putting a Bible class through is catechism. Each one waits for his turn to come next, and in the embarrassment the "answers" are often of the most stupid kind.

Making the Sun Work.

One of the most notable inventions displayed at the Paris Exhibition was an apparatus for transforming the heat of the sun into motive power for pumping water and other mechanical uses. It is the device of a French inventor named Charles Tellier.

This apparatus is of great interest as foreshadowing the time when solar heat, in combination with electric transmission of force, will be made to furnish motive power for all engines and take the place of coal and steam, a change which will vastly chapen manufactures and travel and greatly enhance human comfort the world over.

The heat which comes to the earth in the sun's beams is, as has long been known, the equivalent of one to five or more horse power for every square yard of the earth's surface, according to the latitude and the season of the year. The utilization of this waste heat, its conversion into usable power, has been the study of inventors, and much time and great sums of money have been spent upon it. M. Tellier's contrivance aims to accomplish this object.

Learn to Forgive.

Learn how to forgive. Do not carry an unforgiving spirit with you through all your life; it will hurt you more than anything else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you, yet its chief feeding ground will be found your own heart. You hate your neighbor. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. You pass by a wood fire; you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thrusting it under your garment to hide it, you start for your neighbor's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the worst of it? You find your garments on fire, and your own flesh burned before you can harm your neighbor. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings his own soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who call themselves christians who are miserable because of thier own revengefulness. Forgive your enemies and get down on your knees and pray for them, and salvation will come into your own soul like a flood. "Father, forgive them." Sweet prayer and blessed example!

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Sholoh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

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A Pleasant Chew. Sweet Chew. Lasting Chew. Good quality
OLD HONESTY is
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The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

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NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING,
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.
V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1882-tf.

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We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES
By avoiding Agents you save their enormous expenses and profits which double the costs on every first class Piano they sell.
PIANOS, $150 to $1500.
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Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. GUARANTEED SIX YEARS. Catalogues Free.
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$135

Chinamen as Smokers.

The Chinese smoke early and often, and it is as good as a play to watch one of the nobles of China using tobacco. He prefers the water-pipe, and he has a servant who puts the pipe-stem in his mouth, and waits till he has taken half a dozen whiffs before he carries it away again. The smoke comes bubbling through the liquid, and the almond eyes of the Celestial sparkle with enjoyment as the nicotine enters his blood. Li Hung Chang smokes in this way, says Frank Carpenter in the *Courier, Journal*, and during the interview which I had with him at Tien Tsin, his servant held a pipe with a stem at least four feet long to his lips, and lighted it for him at intervals of ten minutes. The great viceroy took about ten whiffs at a time, and then the servant took the pipe away, pulled out its metal bowl, and refilled it with tobacco, bringing it back a little later on to patiently hold it to his excellency's lips while he smoked.

The Chinese do not use cigars nor chew. They have tobacco much like the American pigtail twist, which they cut up for smoking, and they are largely addicted to snuff. You will find snuff stores in the larger cities, and the article used is coarser than the Scotch snuff. The women smoke, and not a few of the boys and men are addicted to the use of cigarettes. The average Chinese cigarette is the poorest and cheapest in the world. You can get three of them for one-tenth of a cent, and they are dear at that.

The Man In the Moon.

Most persons are under the impression that this familiar impression refers only to the faint appearance of a face which the moon presents when full. But those better acquainted with folk-lore are aware that the object referred to under the name of the Man in the Moon is a dusky resemblance to a human figure which appears on the western side of the luminary when eight days old. The figure is something like that of a man in the act of climbing, and carrying a thorn bush upon his back. There is a detached object before him which looks something like a dog. Among various nations it is a popular notion that this figure is the man referred to in the book of Numbers as having been detected by the children of Israel in the wilderness in the act of gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day, and whom the Lord directed to be stoned to death without the camp. Dante, in his "Infero," makes a reference to the Man in the Moon, but calls him Cain, a variation from the popular English idea.

Hand Braiding.

A clever Boston writer protests against the nonsense of women who say they would not wear braiding done by machinery. There is some difference between embroidery done by an artist with the needle and that produced by the very best of machines; but if there be any difference between mechanically produced braiding and that done by hand it is in favor of the former, and surely there is nothing disagreeable in the work of braiding, following out a set, stiff pattern, with no more change in stitch and no more opportunity for using one's taste than there is in sewing a plain seam. The only sensible reason for preferring handwork is the chance that it gives to employ a poor woman, and it would be better to give her something which a machine could not do. A fortnight's work is sometimes represented by one small panel in a shirt, and a fortnight of braiding must be torture.

Getting Ready for Colds.

Does'n't it beat all how people will begin to muffle up their necks the moment a bit of frost appears? People who live in the country, and are to the manner born, never bother with the bundling up of the neck and rendering themselves liable to colds, but if a your city man who has a farm or place in the country who comes into the cars with a muffler about his neck and his coat collar up, or caps on our mails before it is scarce time to discard straw hats, and then he wonders where he got that cold, and if there isn't something the matter with the country after all. For he recalls that he scarce ever had a cold of a winter while in the city, but now has the regulation winter cold. What a spectacle is it to see bankers and brokers and booksellers and business men generally hustling for their early morning train, wrapped like mummies in their expensiv mufflers.

Winsomeness in Women.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. If your husband is hasty your example of patience will chide as well as teach. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to despair. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the goodnatured twinkle of those eyes, now filling with tears will make him all your own.

A Dog Story From Scotland.

A gentleman employed at a colliery near Glasgow had a dog called "Jimmy," which he parted with to a friend at the colliery some miles distant. The collieries are connected by telephone, and on a recent morning the gentleman rang up his friend and asked how Jimmy was doing. "Oh, he's fine" was the answer. "He's at my feet just now. I'll hold him up and see if he knows your voice." This was done, and the former owner shouted over the wire, "Hello, Jimmy!" Jimmy made no sign of recognition, but on being set down again he at once made for the door, and when his old master went home to dinner the dog was there to welcome him.